

LANGUAGE OF CATS

FRENCH PROFESSOR DECLARES HE UNDERSTANDS IT.

He Asserts, Moreover, That He Has Held Many Pleasant Conversations With His Feline Friends—Some Believe the Animal Has a Soul.

A French professor, after much study, has announced to the world that he has discovered the language of cats.

He asserts, quite seriously, that he has held many pleasant conversations with his feline friends and that their language is most interesting. Every time the professor meets a strange cat he tries to enter into conversation with it, endeavoring thereby to in-



crease his vocabulary and to learn as many as possible of the little idioms of cat talk.

The professor has not yet completed his dictionary of catology.

It will not be a very bulky book, for so far as known the cat vocabulary has its limitations.

There are a few words, however, that are unmistakable. When a cat says "Purrieu" very softly, he means "I love you." You are really very good to me." That is when he is talking to his human friends. When a mother cat says that selfsame word, only rolling the r, and giving a rising inflection to the last syllable, it is a call to her babies.

As such it expresses a variety of things. Of course, it signifies maternal love. It also means, "Come here, I want to see you." Or it may mean, "Hurry, there is a dog coming!" This is particularly the meaning when it is given sharply, on a high key, and uttered several times in swift succession.

When a cat wants food he says "Aello," and when he wants water he says "Allloo." The difference in sound



is slight, but it is there just the same. When Grimalkin wants milk he makes a soft little "La" sound, and when he wishes good, raw meat he has a queer little half-uttered "Bl," which may be a contraction of blood. This, however, the professor has not yet decided.

A delicacy of which his catship is so fond that he precedes eating by admiration, as, for example, a mouse, is asked for by the word which means affection and also raw meat.

He asks for delicacies by saying "Purrieu-bl!"

It is almost useless to explain the battle cry of the cat. It is a sound familiar to all ears and one which may be recognized by any person, whether an expert of the feline tongue or not.

However, there are various stages of the battle cry, ranging from a sharp note of warning to a prolonged howl of rage.

Of all the cat's cries the one for human aid is the simplest and the most pathetic. "It is just 'Yew,' uttered softly, but it contains a world of pathos. It is a call which only a heart of stone could hear unmoved. Between the ordinary cry of greet-



ing and the cry of dislike there is a difference of accent only, but it is so marked that no one could possibly mistake one sound for the other.

"Meow," says pussy, when she greets you, and she stretches her graceful body and rubs against you. It is a very soothing, purring sound, and carries more significance than a mere "Hollo." It says, "Oh, there you are! I'm so glad to see you. I've been looking for you and hoping you'd come to see me soon."

But "Meow," with an accent on the first syllable and the last very staccato, means hatred and defiance.

Could linguistically ambitious persons and those every ready to adopt a new fad be sufficiently attracted by the French professor's studies to emulate his example and study the cat language the standard of humanity would be greatly raised.

In order to study cat language, one would have to study the cats them-



selves and to study the cats would mean to appreciate them and ultimately to help them to regain a tithe of the former respect which was once theirs.

Cat lovers simply laugh at the fuss which has been made over the French professor's announcement.

"A man has discovered that cats

have a language of their own!" exclaimed a well-known club woman whose cats are famous. "What a very wonderful person! Does he claim to be original in his discovery? Why, everyone who ever owned a cat and cared for it knows that cats talk. They don't need to learn to talk. We need to learn to listen and to understand. Cats, dogs, horses, all animals talk to us every day, and the majority of us go about the world with our ears sealed to their words. When we learn to open our ears and hear what they have to say, we shall be wiser and they will be happier, for they will then come nearer having just treatment accorded them. It is partly ignorance which causes inhumanity. The average human being is cruel only because he is ignorant of the way to be kind.

"No, indeed, the world doesn't need to learn from the feet of a French professor that cats have a language. All it needs to do is to open its eyes to see and its ears to hear and use its brains to understand."

Do you believe animals have souls? Lots of wise people do. A certain New York clergyman does.

No one can prove that they do not. No one has proven reincarnation to be false. Therefore, the soul of an ancestor may occupy the body of your dog or your cat.

You would shrink from the idea of ill using your grandmother.

Still there is a vague chance that her soul inhabits Tabby's furry body.



The chance is quite strong enough to make you very decent in your treatment of Tabby.

Cats are clairvoyant in their nature. If nothing else, then, superstition alone should compel for them kind treatment.

Their cries on the back fence may be the wailing of weary, restless souls. Woe souls no one can tell.

But any wailing soul is worthy of more indulgence than is manifest by a hailstorm of boots and bottles, lumps of coal and lurid language.

IN THE DAYS OF SMALLPOX.

Old Advertisement Brings to Mind Dr. Jenner's Discovery.

A little more than 100 years ago Dr. Jenner announced his discovery of vaccination as an alleviator of smallpox.

The following is a verbatim copy of that call published in the London Times, which was signed by about 100 of the medical profession, scientists, members of parliament, and the nobility:

London, January 10, 1803.

The invaluable discovery of Dr. Jenner, for the extermination of the Small Pox, having undergone the most rigorous investigation, and received the sanction of Parliament, a meeting will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at 12 o'clock, to consider of the best means of carrying the same into effect; when the company of every Gentleman disposed to concur in this laudable undertaking is earnestly requested. The Chair will be taken by the Lord Mayor precisely at 1 o'clock.

GIANT SKELETON UNEARTHED.

Lifted Intact, But Relic Hunters Break It Into Fragments.

The complete skeleton of a human giant has been found at Holbeach, a little Lincolnshire fen town between Lynn and Spalding, during excavations for the foundations of two new houses.

Every bone was in perfect condition and not a tooth was missing, but it was soon broken into fragments, and several townspeople seized sections as mementos. The skeleton measured seven feet two inches in length. A curious key, five inches long, with triangular handle, was found near the bones.

Stukeley, the famous antiquary, who was born at Holbeach, records that at the spot where the discovery has just been made a Roman Catholic chapel, dedicated to St. Peter, formerly stood. Other human remains have been previously unearthed on the same spot.—London Telegraph.

Kidnaping and Infanticide.

Kidnaping in China, although prohibited by Chinese law and visited with heavy penalty, is still carried on to a great extent in certain of the provinces. Likewise the custom of female infanticide still exists, in spite of foreign influences that seek to stop it.

Sample of Maine Men.

Uncle Ned Gregory of Fort Fairfield, Me., is the oldest man in his part of the state. He celebrated his 99th birthday recently, and the celebration took the form of planting an acre of potatoes, which were cleared of brush last winter.

Valuable Cow to Own.

W. H. Simonds of Lancaster, N. H., has a cow among his herd that will be hard to beat. This cow gave 11,850 pounds of milk in the past thirteen months, which at 2½ cents a quart would net \$148.50.

Her First Visit.

When a new daughter-in-law makes a visit to her husband's old home she goes away with a collection of baby pictures of her husband.—Atchison Globe.

ORNAMENTS RECENTLY DUG UP IN IRELAND MANY CENTURIES OLD

The Chancellor's Court in London has reserved decision in the case of the Attorney General vs. Trustees of the British Museum, brought to decide the claim of the crown to the gold ornaments as treasure trove which were found in a field near the shores of Lough Foyle, Ireland, by two men plowing, and which afterward came into the possession by purchase of the British Museum.

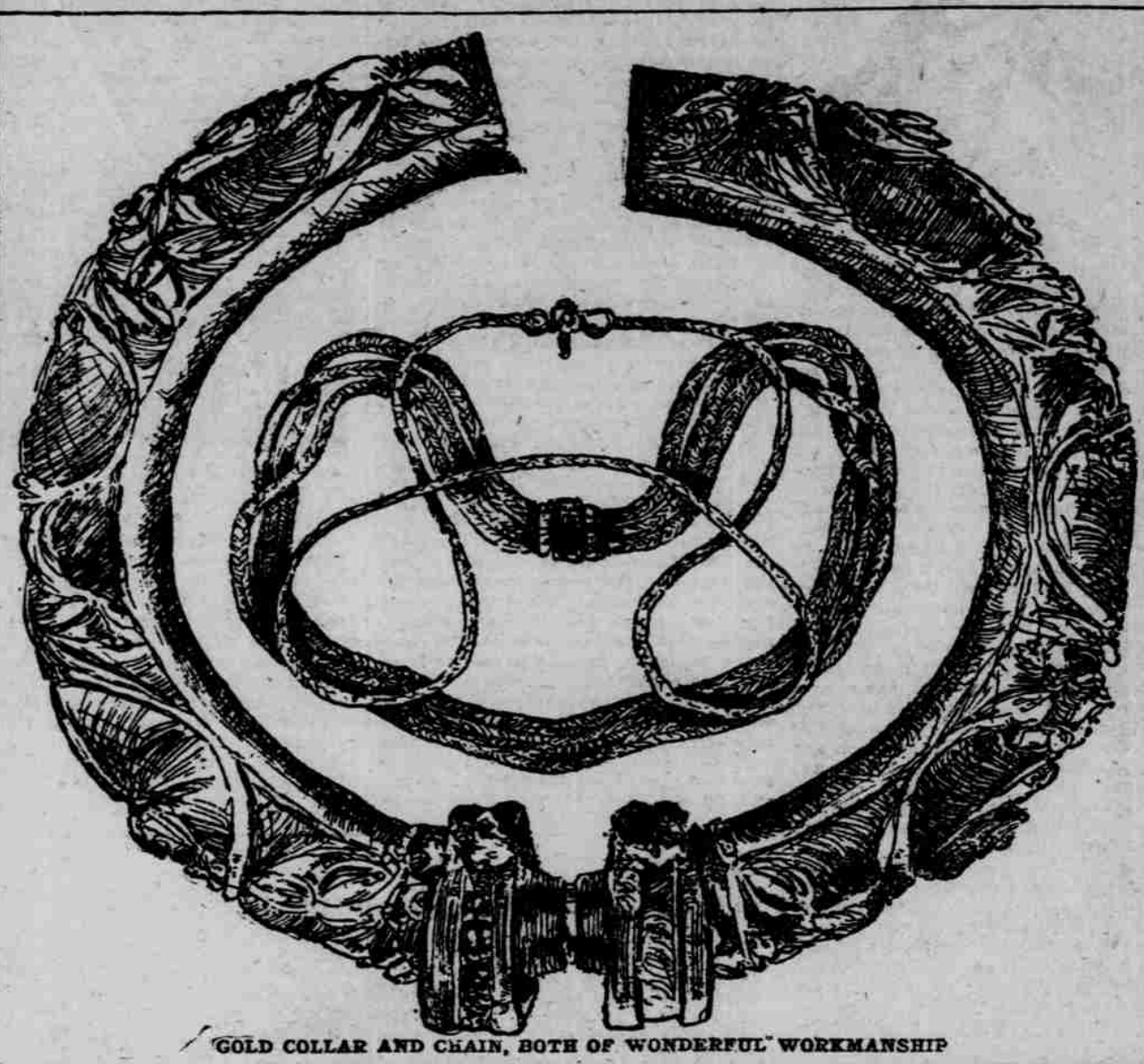
Some of the articles are amazingly and delightfully fine specimens of the goldsmith's art and might well serve

four gold wire rings inserted near its rim and has a twisted golden handle like that of those iron cooking pots which hang from cranes.

The chains are among the best specimens of Celtic art. They are wrought so fine that they look like twisted floss of yellow silk. The large chain is 14½ inches long, of dull gold, of a different alloy from that of the boat or bowls. It weighs 2 oz. 7 dwts. The other is 16½ inches in length and is of a most delicate pattern of plating.

deposited probably in the first century (A. D.), when the custom of making votive offerings was very widespread. All the circumstances, he thought, as well as the nature of the articles pointed to the conclusion that these articles were a thank-offering made by some ancient Irish sea king to a marine divinity for having been saved from the perils of the sea.

Mr. Munro, Edinburgh University, and member R. I. Academy, saw the gold ornaments. He knew of no instance in Ireland or Scotland of votive offerings having been made in the



GOLD COLLAR AND CHAIN, BOTH OF WONDERFUL WORKMANSHIP

as models for the best craftsmen of today.

They were found in 1896 by Thomas Nicoll, a farm laborer, while he was plowing for a Mr. Gibson near Limavady, County Londonderry, on the shore of Lough Foyle.

All the articles are of alloyed gold. The model boat is 7¼ inches long and 3 inches wide, and is fitted with nine rowing benches, oars, grappling iron and other equipment. It weighs 3 ounces 3 pennyweight. The oars are lance shaped, and there are fifteen of them, each about 2¼ inches in length. The model is made of a single plate of gold, alloyed with silver, which is slit and rejoined at the bow and stern. It is, without doubt, a true representation of the ancient seagoing craft of the Irish, in which, as legend says, they even crossed the Atlantic to America before any other white man saw it. The "carracks" to be found yet in use at the Arran Islands and at Tory, vessels made of rawhide stretched over a ribbed frame, are but decadent forms of those early designs. The bowls are of plain pale gold, each beaten out of a single sheet, and about the size of a teacup. The largest weight 1 ounce 5 pennyweight and 12 grains. It has

There were originally two golden, or twisted, necklets, but of one only about half is preserved. The perfect specimen is about five inches in diameter and weighs 3 oz. 7 dwts. and 9 grs.

The collar which was found is of as beautiful a design as any, though not of such artistic execution as some of the ancient goldsmith work in the Irish museum. But it is an excellent witness of the ability and skill of Irish craftsmen, and to the high civilization of Ireland in very ancient times. The collar is 7¼ inches in diameter and is hollow. A section of the tube measures 1½ inches across. It is formed of repoussé plates of thin gold, folded over a tubular frame, and soldered together. The relief work is executed in a dashing and brilliant style. It is believed to date from the first century of the Christian era.

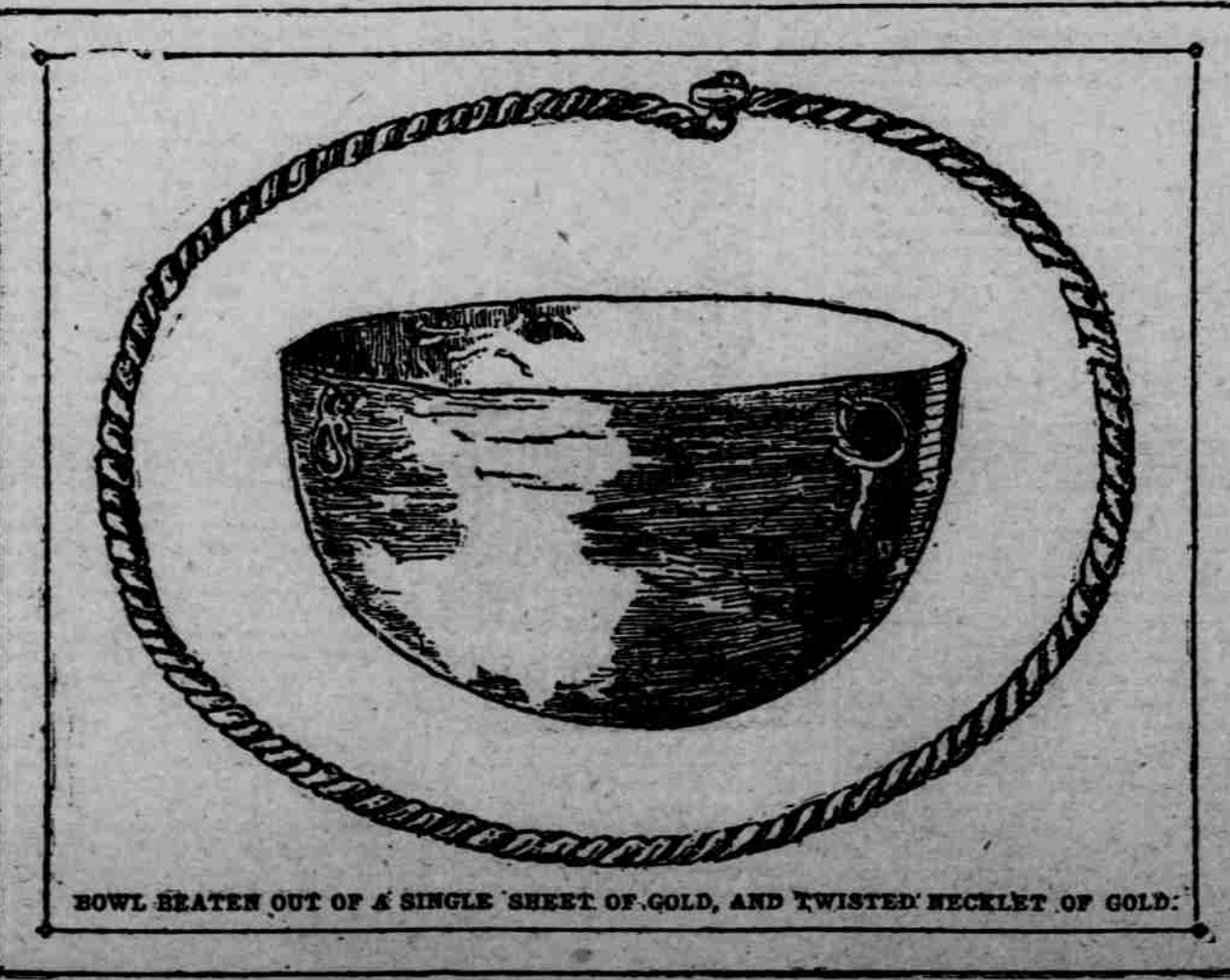
Arthur James Evans, archaeologist, after discussing the possible Viking origin of the ornaments, dismissed as far-fetched the suggestion that they were plundered from a shrine. The collar, he said, was undoubtedly an ancient Irish fabric, and was the finest example existing of that class of gold work. The conclusion which Mr. Evans formed was that the articles were

manner suggested by the defendants. The theory put forward that these articles were votive offerings was, in his opinion, a very improbable one. There was no evidence at all to support the assertion that they were votive offerings. They seemed to him to belong to a time between the late Celtic period and the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

Mr. George Coffey, Council Member of the R. I. Academy, and keeper of antiquities in the National Museum, Dublin, deposed that, in his opinion, all the circumstances pointed to the conclusion that these articles were concealed treasure. There was no evidence that the ancient Irish made votive offerings to sea gods. The very fact of the finding of these ornaments excluded such a theory.

Mr. Fraser, C. E., said he had made a special study of the geology of the north coast of Ireland. His opinion was that the elevation of the beach was completed in prehistoric times.

Mr. Grenville Cole, professor of geology in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, agreed that the upheaval of the land at Lough Foyle occurred before the close of the stone age in Ireland, and that age was distinctly prehistoric.



BOWL BEATEN OUT OF A SINGLE SHEET OF GOLD, AND TWISTED NECKLET OF GOLD.

Kansas Notes

A Kansas paper last week contained a Talmage sermon of "last Sunday" in its plate miscellany.

"The only blot on the Watheana Chautauqua," says the Troy Chief, "was the Burton-Tillman disgrace."

A member of the Blonde and Brunette club in Barton county says the only outdoor sport she enjoys is "bridge."

Jewell City takes pardonable pride in a boy who is able to eat green corn without putting both elbows on the table.

A doctor in Scandis returned a death certificate with his signature on the wrong line. It was on the space left for "cause of death."

The Minneapolis Messenger is running a department of "Choice Chunks of Chaff and Chatter Clipped From Our Cheerful 'Changes.'"

"Tyro," who still writes ably for the Fredonia Citizen, complained that the cellar of the Gold Dust hotel "continues to emit ambrosial odors."

A girl from Peabody is taking vocal lessons in Kansas City and a home paper is authority for the statement that "her voice is coming out fine."

The Clyde Republican is authority for the statement that Karl Christian Frederick Vascon Luerdensjidi has applied to have his name changed to John Anderson.

A "plain drunk" who was fined \$40 in Topeka last week gives expression to his gladness that he did not have an open work jag trimmed with point lace and plaited up the back.

W. B. Trembly of Kansas City, Kas., the "hero of the Box-Boy," settled a point of historical dispute Saturday by falling from the James street bridge over the Kaw and proving that he could swim.

A raise of several feet in the Smoky Hill river caused many settlers to flee to the hills. They were encouraged by the Riley Regent, which exclaimed: "Come up higher, dear people; there's plenty of room at the top."

Linwood is planting the seed for a Town Row. One faction wants to move the town a quarter of a mile north, where it will be out of the way of the next flood. The other faction wants to stay where it is. The council stands 2 to 2. The case has been taken into the courts.

"Congressman Botkin of Winfield, Kas.," has broken into the Kansas papers again with his thrilling story of how he was cured of catarrh after twenty-five years of suffering. Mr. Botkin served one term in Congress, from 1896 to 1898, but the patent medicine testimonial goes on forever.

An Osborne county boy says his employer is "the best man in the world to work for." He gives him until midnight to get the chores done and calls him up plenty early enough in the morning to milk seven cows and feed, curry and harness six horses before breakfast.

From the "confessions" of Father Beck of the Holton Recorder: "I have written a good many things that at the time of writing I would have taken an oath were original, but after reading them in print I was mortified to remember vaguely that I had somewhere read them and had been guilty of theft."

"A very small basket," says Governor Riddle, "might hold the product when some people collect their thoughts."

Junction City had another jail delivery this week, and "steps are being taken" to catch up with the escaped prisoners.

In order to draw a crowd out to the mid-week prayer meeting a church in Mound Branch, Elk county, serves ice cream and cake after the service.

Almena is to have an Alfalfa carnival soon, and Tom Cordry wants the management to hurry and engage Judge Haymaker of Wichita to do the speechmaking.

A Leavenworth man has a Bible that was printed in the year 1564 and is still in a good state of preservation, but in Leavenworth Bibles are not subjected to very hard usage.

There is none too poor to outbid Kansas for its teachers. Prof. Weidner of the chair of chemistry at the State Agricultural college has accepted an offer from a small college in Ripton Wis.

As soon as the report becomes generally circulated that \$250 a month is spent for tobacco for the convicts in the state penitentiary a delegation from the W. C. T. U. is sure to call upon the governor.

Ed Hoch of the Marion Record accused Charles F. Scott of the Iola Register of using the word "don't" when "doesn't" should be used. "And this," replies Mr. Scott, "from an editor who 'thinks thoughts.'"

"Canton's new band," a paper says, "is doing good work," but it is hoped it is not following the policy of all work and no play.

In Oswego the mayor's office is in a barber shop. The mayor, "Joe" Bradley, is a barber, who does not charge extra for neck shaves.

Will H. Locke, formerly of Smith Center, has become what the Pioneer calls a "refastile actor." It explains that he "writes his own plays, paints his own scenery, composes his own music, takes the leading male roles and gives the two next important leads to his wife and his brother. As Mrs. Locke makes the costumes, there is no reason why the Locke company should not be a success financially." 2

Cherryvale, having voted \$50,000 for its own system of water works, the next thing is to keep disease germs and politics out of it.